



G. Vander Gucht inv. & Sculp.

THE

6

FALSE FRIEND.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

M DCC XXXVI.

THE
FALSE FRIEND.

A
COMEDY.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

IN



DRUM AND

JOHN AMBRIDGE.

LONDON.

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand.

MDCCLXXV



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Capt. Griffin.

YOU dread Reformers of an impious Age,
You awful Cat-a-nine Tails to the Stage,
This once be just, and in our Cause engage.
To gain your Favour, we your Rules obey,
And treat you with a moral Piece to-day;
Moral, we're afraid 'twill damn the Play.
For tho' y'ave long been leagu'd (as People tell)
To reduce the Power exorbitant of Hell;
The Troops you send, t'abate it in this Field,
Do leave us still expos'd, to starve or yield.
Your Scouts indeed sometimes come stealing in,
To observe this formidable Camp of Sin,
And whisper, if we'll piously declare,
That Aids you then will send to help us thro' the War:
To this we answer, We're a feeble State,
And cannot well afford to love or hate,
Shou'd not meddle much in your Debate.
But since your Cause is good, thus far we'll go,
When Portugal declares, we'll do so too.
Our Cases, as we think, are much alike,
And on the same Conditions we shou'd strike;
And to their Aid a hundred Men of War,
To ours a hundred Squadrons of the Fair;
To put out your Wives and Daughters all around,
To mean wh'are fit for Service, tight and sound)
And for a Proof our Meaning is sincere,
But the Ships are good, and if you fear
Want of Equipage, we'll man them here.

PROLOGUE.

*These are the Terms, on which you may engage
The Poet's Fire, to batter from the Stage.
Useful Alley ! whose Friendship let's you in
Upon the weak and naked Side of Sin;
Against your old Attack, the Foe's prepar'd,
Well fortify'd, and always on his Guard;
The sacred Shot you send are flung in vain;
By impious Hands with insolent Disdain,
They're gather'd up, and fir'd at you again.
Thro' baffled Toils, and unsuccessful Cares,
In Slaughter, Blood and Wounds, and pious Snares,
I've made a Flanders War these fifteen hundred Years.
Change then your Scheme, if you'll your Foe annoy,
And the infernal Bajazet destroy:
Our aid accept,
We've gentler Stratagems which may succeed;
We'll tickle 'em, where you wou'd make 'em bleed:
In Soundsless harsh we'll teach 'em to obey;
In softer Strains the evil Spirit lay,
And steal their Immorality away.*





EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. Oldfield.

WHAT say you, Sirs, d'ye think my Lady'll
'scape?

'Tis dev'lish hard to stand a Fav'rite's Rape.
Shou'd Guzman, like Don John, break in upon her,
For all her Virtue, Heaven! have mercy on her:
Her Strength, I doubt, 's in his Irresolution,
There's wondrous Charms in vig'rous Execution,
Indeed you Men are Fools, you won't believe
What dreadful things we Women can forgive:
I know but one we never do pass by,
And that you plague us with eternally;
When in your courtly Fears to disoblige,
You won't attack the Town which you besiege:
Your Guns are light, and planted out of reach:
D' ye think with Billetdoux to make a Breach?
'Tis Small-Shot all, and not a Stone will fly:
Walls fall by Cannon, and by firing nigh:
In sluggish dull Blockades you keep the Field,
And starve us ere we can with Honour yield.
In short —
We can't receive those Terms you gently tender,
But storm, and we can answer our Surrender.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Felix, a Gentleman of Valencia.	Capt. Griffin
Don Pedro,	{ Mr. Wilks. Mr. Mills. Mr. Cibber.
Don Guzman,	
Don John,	
Lopez, Servant to Don John.	Mr. Pinkethman
Galindo, Servant to Don Guzman.	Mr. Bullock,

W O M E N.

Leonora, Daughter to Don Felix.	Mrs. Rogers.
Isabella, her Friend, and Sister to Guzman.	{ Mrs. Kent. Mrs. Oldfield
Jacinta, Woman to Leonora.	

SCENE, at Valencia,

T H E



THE FALSE FRIEND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Don John's Lodgings.*

Enter Don John beating Lopez.

LOPEZ.

HOLD, Sir, hold; there's enough in all Conscience; I'm reasonable, I ask no more; I'm content.

Don *John*. Then there's a double Content, you Dog, and a Brace of Contents more into the Bargain. Now is't well?

[Striking again and again.]

Lop. O mighty well, Sir, you'll never mend it; pray leave it as 'tis.

Don *John*. Look you, you Jackanapes, if ever I hear an Offer at your impertinent Advice again —

Lop. And why, Sir, will you stifle the most useful of my Qualifications?

A

Don

Don John. Either, Sirrah, I pass for a very Blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to rest much upon my Patience.

Lop. Your Patience, Sir, indeed is great; I feel this time forty Proofs on't upon my Shoulders; really, Sir, I wou'd advise you, to——

Don John. Again! I can bear thee no longer. Pen and Ink, I'll give thee thy Discharge: Did I employ you for a Valet, or a Privy Counsellor, Sir?

Lop. 'Tis confess'd, Sir, you took me but for hire Employment; but my Intention was agreeably to prize you with some superior Gifts of Nature, to make you a faithful Slave. I profess, my noble Master, a most perfect Knowledge of Men and Manners. Yours, graciously, Sir, (with all respect I speak it) are not irreprehensible. And I'm afraid in time, Sir, I am indeed, they'll run you into some ill-favour'd Affair, whence with all my Understanding I shall be puzzled to bring you off.

Don John. Very well, Sir.

Lop. And therefore, Sir, it is, that I (poor *Lop.* I am) sometimes take leave to moralize.

Don John. Go, go, moralize in the Market-Place. I'm quite worn out. Once more, march.

Lop. Is the Sentence definitive?

Don John. Positive.

Lop. Then pray let us come to account, and what Wages are due.

Don John. Wages! Refund what you have had, Rascal you, for the plague you have given me.

Lop. Nay, if I must lose my Money, then let me claim another Right; Losers have leave to speak. Therefore advance, my Tongue, and say thy Pleasure to tell this Master of mine, he shou'd die, with shame the Life he leads: so much unworthy of a Man's Honour: Tell him——

Don John. I'll hear no more.

Lop. You shall indeed, Sir.

Don John. Here, take thy Money, and be gone.

Lop. Counters all; adieu you glistering Spangles of the World; farewell ye Tempters of the Great; me. Tell him——

Don John. Stay.

Lop. Go on; tell him he's worse among the Women than a Ferret among the Rabbits; at one and all, from the Princess to the Tripe-Woman; handsome, ugly, old Women and Children, all go down.

Don John. Very well.

Lop. It is indeed, Sir, and so are the Stories you tell them to bring them to your matters. The Handsome, she's all Divinity to be sure; the Ugly, she's so agreeable, were it not for her Virtue, she'd be over-run with Lovers; the light airy Flipflap, she kills him with her Motions; the dull heavy-tail'd Maukin melts him down with her Modesty; the scragged lean pale Face has a Shape for Destruction; the fat over-grown Sow has an Air of Importance; the tall aukward Trapes with her Majesty wounds; the little short Trundle-tail shoots a *Je-ne-say quoy*: In a word, they have all something for him—— and he has something for them all.

Don John. And thus, you Fool, by a general Attack, I keep my Heart my own; lie with them that like me, and care not six Pence for them that don't.

Lop. Well said, well said, a very pretty Amusement truly! But pray, Sir, by your leave (Ceremony aside) since you are pleas'd to clear up into Conversation, what mighty matters do you expect from boarding a Woman you know is already Heart and Soul engag'd to another?

Don John. Why I expect her Heart and Soul shou'd disengage in a Week. If you live a little longer with me, Sirrah, you'll know how to instruct your next Master to the purpose: And therefore that I may charitably equip you for a new Service, now I'm turning you out of my own, I'll let you know, that when a Woman loves a Man best, she's in the most hopeful way of betraying him; for Love, like Fortune, turns upon a Wheel, and is very much given to rising and falling.

Lop. Like enough: But as much upon the Weather-cock as the Ladies are, there are some the Wind must blow hard to fetch them about: When such a sturdy
Hussy

Hussy falls in your Honour's way, what account may things turn to then, a'nt please ye?

Don John. They turn to a Bottle, you Puppy.

Lop. I find they'll always turn to something; but when you pursue a poor Woman only to make her Lover jealous, what Pleasure can you take in that?

Don John. That Pleasure.

Lop. Look you there again.

Don John. Why, Sirrah, d'you think there's no Pleasure in spoiling their Sport, when I can't make my own?

Lop. O! to a good-natur'd Man, besure there must but suppose, instead of sending and proving with his Mistress, he shou'd come to — a — parrying and thrusting with you; what becomes of your Joy then my noble Master?

Don John. Why do you think I'm afraid to fight you Rascal?

Lop. I thought we were talking of what we lov'd not what we fear'd, Sir.

Don John. Sir, I love every thing that leads to what I love most.

Lop. I know, Sir, you have often fought upon these Occasions.

Don John. Therefore that has been no stop to my Pleasures.

Lop. But you have never been kill'd once, Sir; and when that happens, you will for ever lose the Pleasure of —

Don John. [striking him] Breaking your Head, you Rascal, which will afflict me heartily. See who knocks so hard. [Knocking]

Lop. Somebody that thinks I can hear no better, than you think I can feel.

Enter Don Guzman.

Don Guz. Don John de Alvarada, is he here?

Lop. There's the Man. Shew me such another if you can find him. [Aside]

Don Guz. Don John, I desire to speak with you alone.

Do

The FALSE FRIEND. 13

Don John. You may speak before this Fellow, Sir,
e's trusty.

Don Guz. 'Tis an Affair of Honour, Sir.

Don John. Withdraw, Lopez.

Lop. Behind the Door I will, and no farther. [Aside.]

This Fellow looks as if he came to save me a broken
head. [Lop. retires.]

Don Guz. I call my self Don *Guzman de Torrellas*,
you know what Blood I spring from; I am a Cadet,
and by consequence not rich; but I am esteem'd by
Men of Honour: I have been forward to expose my
self in Battles abroad, and I have met with Applause
in our Feasts at home.

Lop. So much by way of Introduction. [Aside.]

Don John. I understand your Merit, Sir, and I shou'd
be glad to do as much by your Business.

Don Guz. Give attention, and you'll be instructed.
I love *Leonora*, and from my Youth have done so.
Long she rejected my Sighs, and despised my Tears, but
my Constancy at last has vanquish'd. I have found the
way to her Heart, and nothing is wanting to compleat
my Joy, but the Consent of her Father, whom I can-
not yet convince, that the Wants in my Fortune are
recompens'd by the Merits of my Person.

Lop. He's a very dull Fellow indeed. [Aside.]

Don Guz. In the mean while the Object of my
Vows is a Sharer in my Grief, and the only Cordial
we have is the Pleasure of a secret Conversation, thro'
a small Breach I have made in a thin Partition that
divides our Lodgings. I trust you, Don John, with
this important Secret; Friend or Enemy, you are no-
ble, therefore keep it, I charge your Honour with
it.

Lop. You cou'd not put it in better hands. [Aside.]

Don Guz. But more, my Passion for this Lady is
not hid; all *Valencia* is acquainted with my Wishes,
and approves my Choice. You alone, Don John de
Alvarada, seeming ignorant of my Vows, dare tra-
verse my Amour.

Don John. Go on.

Lop.

Lop. These words import War; lie close, *Lopez* [Afi]

Don Guz. You are the *Argus* of our Street, and Spy of *Leonora*; whether *Diana*, by her borrow'd Light supplies the absence of the *Astrea* of Day, or that Shades of Night cover the Earth with impenetrable Darkness; you still attend till *Aurora's* Return, under the Balcony of that adorable Beauty:

Don John. So:

Don Guz. Where-ever she moves, you still follow her shadow, at Church, at Plays: be her business where Heaven or Earth, your Importunity is such, you'll share

Lop. He is a forward Fellow, that's the truth on [Afi]

Don Guz. But what's still farther, you take the liberty to copy me; my Words, my Actions, every Motion no sooner mine, but yours. In short, you ape me, *Don* and to that point, I once design'd to stab my self, and try if you wou'd follow me in that too.

Lop. No, there the Monkey wou'd have left you. [Afi]

Don Guz. But to conclude.

Don John. 'Tis time.

Don Guz. My Patience, *Don*, is now no more; and I pronounce, that if henceforth I find you under *Leonora's* Window, who never wish'd, fond Man, to see you there, I by the ways of Honour shall fix you at another station. I leave you to consider on't. Farewell. [Exit *Don Guz.*]

Don John. Hold, Sir, we had e'en as good do this honourable Deed now.

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. No, pray, Sir, let him go, and may be you mayn't have occasion it do it at all.

Don John. I thought at first the Coxcomb came upon another Subject, which wou'd have embarrassed me much more.

Lop. Now this was a Subject would have embarrassed me enough in all conscience.

Don John. I was afraid he came to forbid me seeing his Sister *Isabella*, with whom I'm upon very good Terms

Lop. Why now that's a hard Case, when you have got a Man's Sister, you can't leave him his Mistress.

Don John. No, Changeling, I hate him enough, to love every Woman that belongs to him: and the Fool has so provok'd me by this threatning, that I believe I shall have a Stroke at his Mother, before I think my self even with him.

Lop. A most admirable way to make up Accounts truly!

Don John. A Son of a Whore! s'death, I did not care sixpence for the Slut before, but now I'll have her Maidenhead in a Week, for fear the Rogue shou'd marry her in ten Days.

Lop. Mum; here's her Father: I'll warrant this old Spark comes to correct our way of living too.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel. *Don John!*

Don John. *Don Felix,* do I see you in my poor Dwelling? Pray, to what lucky Accident do I owe this Honour?

Don Fel. That I may speak to you without constraint, pray send away your Servant.

Lop. What the Pox have I done to 'em, they are all so uneasy at my Company? [*Aside.*]

Don John. Give us Chairs, and leave the Room.

Lop. If this old Fellow comes to quarrel with us too, he'll at least do us less harm. [*Aside.*]

Don Fel. Won't you retire, Friend? [*Looking behind.*]

Don John. Be gone, Sirrah.

Lop. [*Aside*] Pox take ye——you old Prig you: But I shall be even with you. [*Lopez hides himself.*]

Don Fel. You know me, Sir?

Don John. I do, Sir.

Don Fel. That I call my self——

Don John. *Don Felix.*

Don Fel. That I am of the House of——

Don John Cabrera, one of the first of *Valencia.*

Don Fel. That my Estate is——

Don John. Great.

Don

Don Fel. You know that I have some Reputation in the World.

Don John. I know your Reputation equals your Birth.

Don Fel. And you are not ignorant, that Heav'n for the Consolation of my gray Hairs has given me a only Daughter, who is not deform'd.

Don John. Beauteous as Light.

Don Fel. Well shap'd, witty, and endow'd with—

Don John. All the good Qualities of Mind and Body.

Don Fel. Since you are satisfy'd with all this, hearken I pray, with attention, to the Business that brings me hither.

Don John. I shall.

Don Fel. We all know, **Don John**, some by their own experience, some by that of others, how nice a Gentleman's Honour is, and how easily tarnish'd; and how Eclaircissement manag'd with prudence, often prevents Misfortunes that perhaps might be upon the point of attending us. I have thought it my Duty to acquaint you, that I have seen your Designs upon my Daughter. You pass Nights entire under her Window, as if you were searching an opportunity to get into my House; there is no body in the Town but has taken notice of your proceedings; you give the Publick a Subject for disadvantageous Discourse; and tho' in reality *Leonora's* Virtue receives no prejudice by it, her Reputation daily runs some risque. My Years have taught me to judge right of Things: and yet I have not been able to decide what your end can be; you can't regard my Daughter on a foot of Gallantry, you know her Virtue, and my Birth too well; and for a Wife you seem to have no thought, since you have yet made no demand to me: what then is your Intention? You have heard perhaps, I have hearken'd to a Gentleman of *Toledo*, a Man of Merit. My own I have, and I expect him daily here; but, **Don John**, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring your form, I'll ease you of a great deal of trouble, which the Customs of the world impose upon these occasions, and in a word, I'll break with him, and give you *Leonora*.

Lep. Good.

[*Aside*]
D

Don Fel. You don't answer me! what is't that trou-
bles you?

Don John. That I have been such a Sot, old Gentle-
man, to hear you with so much Patience. [Rising.]

Don Fel. How, Don! I'm more astonish'd at your
answer, than I was with your Silence.

Don John. Astonish'd! Why han't you talk'd to me
Marriage? He asks me to marry, and wonders
that I complain of!

Don Fel. 'Tis well — 'tis well, Don John, the
Marriage is violent! You insult me in your own House.
I know, Sir — [Rising.]

Don John. But know, Sir, there needs no Quarrel,
if you please, Sir; I like your Daughter very well;
I am for marrying her — *Serviteur*.

Don Fel. Don Guzman de Torrellas has not less Me-
rit than you, Don.

Don John. Agreed; what then?

Don Fel. And yet I have refus'd him my Daughter.

Don John. Why then you have us'd him better than
you have done me, which I take very unkindly.

Don Fel. I have us'd you, Sir —

Don John. Us'd me, Sir! you have us'd me very
ill, to come into my own House to seduce me.

Don Fel. What Extravagance!

Don John. What Persecution!

Don Fel. Am I then to have no other Answer?

Don John. Methinks you have enough in all Con-
science.

Don Fel. Promise me at least, you'll cease to love
my Daughter.

Don John. I won't affront your Family so far nei-
ther.

Lop. I'gad my Master shines to-day. [Aside.]

Don Fel. Know, Don, that I can bear no more.

Lop. If he cou'd, I think there's no more to lay up-
on him. [Aside.]

Don Fel. If I find you continue to importune Leo-
nora, I shall find a way to satisfy my offended Ho-
nour, and punish your Presumption.

Don

Don John. You shall do what you please to provided you don't marry me.

Don Fel. Know, *Alvarada*, there are ways to venge such outrageous Affronts as these.

Don John. I won't marry.

Don Fel. 'Tis enough.

[Exit Don

Re-enter Lopez.

Lop. So; the old Fellow's gone at last, and has ry'd great Content along with him.

Don John. Lopez!

Lop. Sir —

Don John. What dost think? he wou'd have ry'd me!

Lop. Yes, he had found his Man. But you have even with him.

Don John. What, thou hast heard us then?

Lop. Or I were no Valet: But pray what does Honour intend to do now? Will you continue the S of a Place, where 'tis probable they will daily ment the Fortifications, when there are so many Towns you may march into without the trouble of opening the Trenches?

Don John. I am going, *Lopez*, to double my tacks: I'll beat up her Quarters six times a-night: I am now down-right in love; the Difficulties pique to the Attempt, and I'll conquer or I'll die.

Lop. Why to confess the Truth, Sir, I find your upon my taste in this matter; Difficulties are the combolle of Love, I never valu'd an easy Con in my life. To rouse my Fire, the Lady must out (as softly as ever she can) Have a care my my Mother has seen us; my Brothers suspect me; Husband may surprize us: O, dear Heart, have a I pray! Then I play the Devil: But when I con a Fair-one, where I may hang up my Cloke up Peg, get into my Gown and Slippers —

Don John. Impudent Rogue!

Lop. See her stretch'd upon the Couch in great sity, with — my Dear, come kiss me, we have thing to fear; I droop, I yawn, I sleep.

Don John. Well, Sir, whatever you do with your
 one, I am going to be very busy with mine; I
 's e'en almost weary of her, but *Guzman* and this old
 fellow have reviv'd my dying Fire; and so, have at her.

Lop. 'Tis all mighty well, Sir, mighty well, Sir, as
 can be in the world. But if you wou'd have the Good-
 ss to consider *en passant*, or so, a little now and then,
 out Swords and Daggers, and Rivals, and old Fellows,
 Pistols and great Guns, and such like Baubles, on-
 now and then at leisure, Sir, not to interrupt things
 more Consequence,

Don John. Thou art a cowardly Rascal, I have of-
 consider'd that.

Lop. Ay, that's true, Sir, and yet a Blunderbuss is
 recently discharged out of a Garret-Window.

Don John. Come, no more words; but follow me:
 now now! what Impertinence have we here now to
 stop me?

Enter Don Pedro.

Lop. 'Tis Don Pedro, or I'm a Dog.

Don John. Impossible! Don Pedro return'd!

Don Ped. 'Tis I, my dearest Friend; I'm come to
 get all the Miseries of a long Absence, in one hap-
 Embrace. [They embrace,

Don John. I'm over-joy'd to see you.

Don Ped. Mine's not to be exprest. What, Friend
 here still! How dost do *Lopez*? What, dost not
 know me?

Lop. As well as my Father's Seal, Sir, when he sends
 a Bill of Exchange.

Don Ped. Just as he was, I find, Galliard still.

Lop. I find it very unwholesom to be otherwise, Sir]

Don John. You have then quitted the Service in
Flanders, I suppose.

Don Ped. I have so, Friend; I have left the Ensigns
Mars, and am lifting my self in a softer Militia.

Don John. Explain, pray.

Don Ped. Why, when your Father's Death oblig'd
 to leave *Brussels*, and return hither to the plentiful
 fortune he left you; I staid in *Flanders*, very trist for
 you

your loss, and past three years in the Trade of W
About two Months since, my Father writ to me from
Toledo, that he was going to marry me very advan
geously at Valencia: He sent me the Picture of
Lady, and I was so well pleased with it, that I
mediately got my Congé, and embark'd at Dunk
I had a quick Passage to the Groyne, from whence,
the way of Madrid, I am come hither with all
speed I cou'd.

I have, you must know, been two days in Town,
I have lain *Incognito*, that I might inform my self of
Lady's Conduct I'm to marry; and I have discover
that she's serv'd by two Cavaliers of Birth and Me
But tho' they have both given many proofs of a m
violent Passion, I have found for the quiet of my
nour, that this virtuous Lady, out of Modesty or
dence, has shewn a perfect Indifference to them and
Gallantries; her Fortune is considerable, her Birth
high, her Manners irreproachable, and her Beauty
great, that nothing but my Love can equal it.

Don John. I have hearken'd to you, Don Pe
with a great deal of attention, and Heaven's my W
ness, I have a mighty Joy in seeing you; but the
vil fetch me, it makes my Heart bleed to hear you
going to be married.

Don Ped. Say no more of that, I desire you;
have always been Friends, and I earnestly beg we
may be so; but I am not come to ask Counsel ab
my Marriage, my Party is taken, and my Inquiries h
so much heightened my Desire, that nothing can he
forth abate it. I must therefore expect from you,
Friend, that you won't oppose it, but that you'll aid
in hastning the moment of my Happiness.

Don John. Since 'tis so impossible for you to res
for your own good, I must submit to what you'll
me: But are not we to know the Name of this
of Rarity, that is to do you this good Turn?

Don Ped. You'll know it presently; for I'm g
to carry you to her House.

Don John. You shall tell me at least who are
no Gallants.

Don Ped. One, they could not tell me his Name; the other is — But before we talk any more of these Affairs, can you let me dispose of *Lopez*, till the return of a Servant I sent three days ago to —

Don John. Carry News of you to *Papa*, I suppose.

Don Ped. You are right; the good Man is thirty Leagues off, and I have not seen him this six Years.

Don John. *Lopez*, do you wait upon *Don Pedro*.

Lop. With all my Heart. It's at least a suspension of Boxes o'th' Ear, and Kicks o'the Backside. [*Aside.*

Don Ped. Then, honest *Lopez*, with your Master's leave, go to the New-Inn, the King of France on horseback, and see if my Servant's return'd; I'll be there immediately, to charge thee with a Commission of more Importance.

Lop. I shall perform your Orders, Sir, both to your Satisfaction, and my own Reputation. [*Exit Lopez.*

Don John. Very quaint. Well, old Acquaintance, we are going to be married then? 'Tis resolv'd: Ha!

Don Ped. So says my Star.

Don John. The foolishhest Star that has said any thing a great while.

Don Ped. Still the same, I see! Or, more than ever, resolv'd to love nothing.

Don John. Love nothing! Why, I'm in love at this very time.

Don Ped. With what?

Don John. A Woman.

Don Ped. Impossible!

Don John. True.

Don Ped. And how came you in love with her?

Don John. Why I was ordered not to be in love with

Don Ped. Then there's more Humour than Love in't.

Don John. There shall be what you please in't. But I shan't quit the Gentlewoman, 'till I have convinc'd her there's something in't.

Don Ped. Mayn't I know her Name?

Don

Don John. When you have let me into your conjugal Affection.

Don Ped. Pray stay here, but till I have sent Lopez to my Father-in-Law: I'll come back and carry you with me in a moment.

Don John. I'll expect you.

Don Ped. Adieu, dear Friend; may I in earnest find you quickly in love. [Exit Don Pedro]

Don John. May I, without a Jest, see you quickly as a Widower.

Solus.

He comes, he says, to marry a Woman of Quality that has two Lovers ——— If it should be Leonora ——— But why she? There are many, I hope, in that condition in Valencia ——— I'm a little embarrass'd about however. ———

*Friendship, take heed; if Woman interfere,
Besure the Hour of thy Destruction's near.*



ACT II.

SCENE, Leonora's Apartment.

Enter Leonora, Isabella, and Jacinta.

Leon. **D**EAR Isabella, come in: How I am plagu'd with this troublesome Wretch! Jacinta, have you shut the outward Gates?

Jacin. I have, Madam.

Leo. Shut the Window too; we shall have him get in there, by and by.

Isab. What's this you are in such apprehensions of pray?

Leo. Nothing worth naming.

Isa

Isab. You dissemble : something of Love in the case, warrant you.

Don. The Reverse on't; 'tis Aversion. My Imperious Star has furnish'd me with a Lover for my Guard, who is never from my Window; he persecutes me to distraction; I affront him fifty times a-day; which he answers with a Bow down to the Ground : In short, he can do, is doing nothing at all: he still persists in loving me, as much as I hate him.

Isab. Have a care he don't get the better on't, for that; for when a Man loves a Woman well enough to persevere, 'tis odds but she at last loves him well enough to make him give it over. But I think I had better take off my Scarf; for since my Brother Don Juan knows I'm with you, he won't quarrel at my stay for the Length of my Visit.

Don. If he shou'd I shou'd quarrel with him, which things else would make me do. But methinks, *Isabella*, you are a little melancholy.

Isab. And you a little thoughtful.

Don. Pray tell me your Affliction.

Isab. Pray don't conceal yours.

Don. Why truly, my Heart is not at ease.

Isab. Mine, I fear, never will.

Don. My Father's marrying me against my Inclination.

Isab. My Brother is hindring me from marrying with ———.

Don. You know I love your Brother, Don *Guzman*.

Isab. And you shall know, I'm uneasy for Don *John Alvarada*.

Don. Don *John*!

Isab. The same.

Don. Have you any reason to hope for a Return?

Isab. I think so.

Don. I'm afraid, my Dear, you abuse your self.

Isab. Why?

Don. Because he is already in love with ———

Isab. Who?

Don. Me.

Isab.

Ifab. I wou'd not have you too positive in Madam, for I am very sure that ———

Leo. Madam, I am very sure that he's the true some Guest I just now complain'd of: And you believe ———

Ifab. Madam, I can never believe he's trouble to any body.

Leo. O dear Madam: But I'm sure I'm forc keep my Windows shut, till I'm almost dead Heat, and that I think is troublesome.

Ifab. This mistake is easily set right, *Leonora* Houses join, and when he looks at my Window fancy 'tis at yours.

Leo. But when he attacks my Door, Madam almost breaks it down, I don't know how in the World to fancy 'tis yours.

Ifab. A Man may do that to disguise his real nation.

Leo. Nay, if you please, believe he's dying for I wish he were; then I shou'd be troubled no more with him. Be sure, *Jacinta*, you don't open a Window to-night.

Ifab. Not while I'm here at least; for if he knows that, he may chance to press in.

Leo. Look you, *Isabella*, 'tis entirely alike to me who he's fond of; but I'm so much your Friend I can't endure to see you deceiv'd.

Ifab. And since I have the same Kindness for *Leonora*, know in short, that my Brother is so alarmed at his Passion for me, that he has forbid him the Street.

Leo. Bless my Soul! and don't you plainly see that, he's jealous of him upon my account?

Ifab. [Smiling.] He's jealous of his Honour, Madam, lest he shou'd debauch his Sister.

Leo. I say, he's jealous of his Love, lest he should corrupt his Mistress.

Ifab. But why all this Heat? If you love my Brother why are you concern'd Don *John* shou'd love me.

Leo. I'm not concern'd; I have no Designs upon him, I care not who he loves.

Isab. Why then are you angry?

Leon. Why do you say he does not care for me?

Isab. Well, to content you then; I know nothing but that I love him.

Leon. And to content you; I know nothing so certain as that I neither love him, nor never can love him. And so I hope we are Friends again.

Isab. Kiss me then, and let us never be otherwise.

Leon. Agreed: [*They kiss.*] And now, my Dear, as my Fortune's nearest, I am first to be pity'd, I am the most wretched Woman living. My Father every day expects a Gentleman from *Flanders*, to whom he is resolv'd to marry me. But neither Duty, nor Honour, nor Danger, nor Resolution, nor all I can command to my Aid, can drive your Brother from my heart; but there he's fix'd to ruin me.

Isab. Madam, here's Don *Guzman* at the Chamber-Door; he begs so passionately to come in, sure he can't refuse him.

Leon. Heav'ns! but does he consider to what he exposes me?

Isab. Madam, he considers nothing; if he did, I'd were an impudent Fellow to pretend to be in love with you.

Leon. Shall I venture, *Isabella*?

Isab. You know best.

Enter Don Guzman.

Isab. Marry, methinks he knows best of us all, for he comes.

Don Guz. Forgive me, lovely *Leonora*; 'tis the last perhaps that I may beg your Pity. My Rival is not excess of Modesty is now our Ruin. Break through this moment you have left, and own to your old love how you love. He once did so himself; our tears of Sorrow may perhaps recall some small remembrance of his tender Years, and melt him into Mercy.

Leon. Alas, Don *Guzman* ———

Isab. O Heav'ns, Madam ———

Leon. What's the matter?

Isab. You're undone, here's your Father.

B

Isab.

Ifab. What an unlucky Accident!

Leo. Has he seen *Don Guzman*!

Jacin. Nay the *Deux* knows.

Ifab. Where shall he hide himself?

Jacin. In the Moon, if he can get thither.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Guz. I must e'en stand it now.

Don Fel. Good News, my Daughter, good News! I come to acquaint you, that — How now? What the meaning of this? *Don Guzman* in my Daughter's Chamber!

Don Guz. I see your Surprize, Sir, but you must not be disturb'd; 'twas some sudden Business with my Sister, brought me here,

Don Fel. 'Tis enough, Sir: I'm glad to find you here; you shall be a Witness, that I know how to preserve the Honour of my Family.

Don Guz. What mean you, Sir?

Don Fel. To marry *Leonora* this moment.

Don Guz. How say you?

Don Fel. I say you shall have nothing left to answer me.

Don Guz. Is't possible? O Heavens! what I feel?

Don Fel. *Leonora*, prepare your Hand and Heart.

Leo. They both are ready, Sir; and in giving to the Man I love, you charge me with a Debt of gratitude, can never be repay'd.

Don Guz. [*Kneeling.*] Upon my Knees, I beseech the best of Men, for blessing me with all that's in a Woman.

Ifab. How well that kind, that gentle Look becomes him!

Jacin. Now methinks he looks like an old Rascal. I don't like his Looks.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. To all whom it may concern, greeting.
Pedro Oso acknowledging himself most unworthy of the Honour intended him, in the Person of the Daughter, addresses himself (by me his small Ambassador,

The FALSE FRIEND. 27

Generosity of Don Felix, for leave to walk in
take possession.

Fel. I had already given order for his Entrance.

Guz. What is't I hear!

Support me.

She faints.

Guz. Look Tyrant here, and if thou can'st be
[Holding her.]

Fel. Bring in Don Pedro.

Guz. Barbarian!

Look up, Madam, for Heaven's sake; since
must marry the Fellow, e'en make the most on't.

Hoh ———

Enter Don Pedro and Don John.

So ——— How d'ye do now? Come, cheer
See, here he comes. By my Troth, and a pretty
Fellow. [Aside.] He'll set all to rights by to-
morrow Morning, I'll answer for him.

Fel. Don Pedro, you are welcome; let me em-
brace you.

Ped. In what Terms, Sir, shall I express what
you for the Honour you do me? And with what
of Return can I receive this inestimable Pre-
Your Picture, Madam, made what Impressi-
on'd stamp, but Nature has done more. What
as your Sex can give, or ours receive, I feel.

Fel. Come Son, (for I'm in haste to call you so)
what's this I see? Alvarada here! Whence,
is Insolence; to come within my Doors after you
what has past? Who brought you here?

Ped. 'Twas I, Sir.

Fel. But do you know that he ———

Ped. Sir, he's the best of my Friends.

Fel. But do you know, I say, that he wou'd ———

Ped. Hinder this Marriage, 'tis true.

Fel. Yes, because he design'd ———

Ped. I know his Design, Sir, 'tis to hinder all
ends from marrying. Pray forgive him.

Fel. Then to prevent for ever, his Designs here,
Leonora, and give Don Pedro your hand.

Don John. Keep down, my kindling Jealousy: something tortures me I never felt but now. [4

Don Ped. [to Leo.] Why this backwardness, Madam! Where a Father chooses, a Daughter may with Modesty approve. Pray give me your Hand.

Don Guz. I cannot see it. [Turning from

Don Fel. [to Leo. aside.] Are you distracted? you let him know your Folly? Give him your Hand for shame.

Leo. Hoh! Don Guzman, I am yours.

[Sighing, and giving carelessly her Hand]

Don Guz. Madam!

Don Fel. What a fatal slip!

Leo. 'Twas not to you I spoke, Sir.

Don Ped. But him it was she nam'd, and thought too, I fear. I'm much alarm'd.

Don Fel. [to Leo.] Repair what you have done and look more cheerful on him.

Leo. Repair what you have done, and kill me.

Don Fel. Fool.

Leo. Tyrant.

Jacin. A very hum-drum Marriage this. [4

Don Guz. Pray, Sister, let's retire; for I cannot fight no longer.

Isab. My Dear, farewell, I pity you indeed.

Leo. I am indeed an Object of your Pity.

[Ex. Don Guz. and

Don Fel. Come Daughter, come my Son, let us to the Church and tie this happy Knot.

Don Ped. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[Ex. Don Fel. leading

Don John. I love her, and I'll love her still. I'll do thy worst, I'll on. [4

Don Ped. To name another Man, in giving me your Hand!

Don John [aside.] How am I wrackt and torn with Jealousy?

Don Ped. 'Tis doubtless so, Don Guzman has a broken Heart.

Don John [aside.] The Bridegroom's thoughtful. The
 my's Trip has furnish'd him with some Matrimonial
 Alexions: They'll agree with him at this time per-
 sons, better than my Company. I'll leave him. Don
 adieu, we shall meet again at Night.

Don Ped. Pray stay: I have need of a Friend's
 counsel.

Don John. What, already?

Don Ped. Already.

Don John. That's to say, you have already enough
 Matrimony.

Don Ped. I scarce know what I have, nor am I
 of what I am.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. An't please your Honour, yonder's your Man-
 grand just arriv'd; his Horse and he so tired of one
 other, that they both came down upon the Pave-
 ment at the Stable-Door.

Don Ped. [to Don John] He brings News from my
 father.

Lop. I believe he does, and hasty News too; but
 you stay till he brings it hither, I believe it will
 come but slowly. But here's his Packet; I suppose
 it will do as well as his Company. [Gives a Letter.]

Don Ped. [reads to himself.] My dear Friend, here's
 News.

Don John. What's the matter?

Don Ped. My poor old Father's dying.

Don John. I'm mighty sorry for't; 'tis a weighty
 stroke I must confess; the burden of his Estate will al-
 ready bear you down. But we must submit to Heaven's
 good-will.

Don Ped. You talk, *Alvarada*, like a perfect Stran-
 ger to that Tenderness methinks every Son shou'd feel
 for a good Father: For my part, I've receiv'd such
 dear Proofs of an uncommon Affection from mine,
 that the Loss of a Mistress cou'd scarce touch me nearer.
 I'll believe me, when you see me leave *Leonora* a-
 gain, till I have seen the good old Man.

Don John. That will be a proof indeed; Heaven's Blessing must needs fall upon so dutiful a Son; I don't know how its Judgments may deal with a different a Lover.

Don Ped. O! I shall have time enough to rectify this seeming small Neglect: But before I go, permit me a word or two with you alone. *Lopez*, wait without.

[Exit Lopez]

You see, my dearest Friend, I am engag'd to *Leonora*; perhaps I have done wrong; but 'tis too far, to talk or think of a Retreat; I shall go directly from this place to the altar, and there perform the eternal Contract. That done, I'll take Post to see my Father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then her young and beauteous Bride; but that which touches every string of Thought, I fear, I leave her wish were *Guzman*. If it be so, no doubt he knows it, and he that knows he's lov'd by *Leonora*, can let a fair occasion pass to gain her; my Absence is my Friend, but you are mine, and so the danger's lanc'd.

Into your hands, my dear, my faithful *Alvaro* [Embracing him.] I put my Honour, I put my Life; for both depend on *Leonora's* Truth. Observe her well, and ——— neglect not her. You are wise, you are active, you are brave and true. You have the Qualities that Man shou'd have for such a Task, and I by consequence have all the Assurance Man can have; you'll, as you ought, discharge it.

Don John. A very hopeful Business you would have me undertake, keep a Woman honest; Udder Heaven, as soon undertake to keep *Portocarero* honest. I am your friend, you, we are Friends, intimate Friends; you must not be angry if I talk freely. Women are naturally inclin'd to Mischief, and their Actions run in one continual Torrent till they die. But the less a Torrent's channel, the less Mischief it does; let it alone, perhaps 'twill only kiss the Banks and pass; but stop it, 'tis insupportable.

Don Ped. I wou'd not stop it; but cou'd I gently turn its Course where it might run, and vent it self with Innocence, I wou'd. *Leonora* of her self is virtuous; her Birth, Religion, Modesty and Sense, will guide her Wishes where they ought to point. But yet, Guards be what they will, that Place is safest that ne'er attack'd.

Don John. As far as I can serve you, in hindring *Guzman's* Approaches, you may command me.

Don Ped. That's all I ask.

Don John. Then all you ask is granted.

Don Ped. I am at ease, farewell.

Don John. Heaven bring you safe to us again.

[Exit Don Ped.]

Don John solus.

I shall observe her, doubt it not. I wish nobody may observe me, for I find I'm no more Master of my self. *Don Guzman's* Passion for her, adds to me; but when I think on what *Don Pedro*'ll reap, Fire and Flame. Something must be done: What, Love direct, for I have nothing else to guide me.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. [aside.] *Don Pedro* is mounting for his Journey, and leaves a young, warm, liquorish Hussy with a wailing Mouth, behind him — Hum — If she falls handsomely in my Master's way, let her look to her self — there he is. Doing what? Thinking? What's new? And if any Good comes on't, that will be newer still.

Don John. [aside.] How! Abuse the Trust a Friend posesses in me? And while he thinks me waking for Peace, employ the stretch of Thought to make him stretched?

Lop. Not to interrupt your pious Meditations, Sir, may have you seen — Seen what, Fool? Why he can't see thee. I'gad, I believe the little blind Bastard whipt him through the Heart in earnest.

Don John. [aside.] *Pedro* wou'd never have done this by me — How do I know that? — Why — I swore he was my Friend — Well; and I swore

swore I was his — Why then if I find I can b
my Oath, why should not I conclude he would
much by his?

Lop. [aside.] His Countenance begins to clear
I suppose Things may be drawing to a Conclusio

Don John. [aside.] Ay, 'tis just so: And I don't
lieve he wou'd have debated the Matter half so
as I have done: I'gad I think I have put my self
great Expence of Morality about it. I'm sure at
my Stock's out. But I have a Fund of Love, I
may last a little longer.

O, are you there, Sir!

[Seeing]

Lop. I think so, Sir. I won't be positive in
thing.

Don John. Follow me; I have some Business
employ you in, you'll like. *[Exit Don John]*

Lop. I won't be positive in that neither. I g
what you are going about — There's Rogues
foot: This is at *Leonora*, who I know hates him;
thing under a Rape will do't — He'll be hang'd
And then, what becomes of thee, my little *Lopez*.
Why, the Honour to a — dingle dangle by
Which he'll have the Good-nature to be mighty sorry
But I may chance to be beforehand with him: If
are not taken in the Fact, they'll perhaps do him
Honour to set a Reward upon his Head. Which
they do, Don, I shall go near to follow your m
Example, secure my Pardon, make my Fortune,
hang you up for the Good of your Country.





A C T III.

S C E N E, *Don Felix's House.*

Enter Don Felix, Don Pedro, Leonora, and Jacinta.

Fel. **H**OW Son! oblig'd to leave us immediately, say you?

Don Ped. My ill Fortune, Sir, will have it so.

Leo. [*aside.*] What can this be?

Don Fel. Pray what's the matter? You surprize me.

Don Ped. This Letter, Sir, will inform you.

Don Fel. [*Reads.*] My Dear Son, Bertrand has brought me the welcome News of your Return, and has sent me your Letter; which has in some sort reviv'd my Spirits in the Extremity I am in. I daily expect my return from this World: 'Tis now six Years since I have parted from you; I shou'd be glad to do it once again before I die. If you will give me that satisfaction, you must be quick. Heaven preserve you.

To Don Ped. 'Tis enough: The Occasion I'm in for, but since the Ties of Blood and Gratitude urge you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewel Son, may you have a happy Journey, and if it be Heaven's Will, may the sight of so good a Son revive a blind Father. I leave you to bid your Wife adieu.

[*Exit Don Fel.*]

Don Ped. I must leave you, my lovely Bride; but with bitter pangs of Separation. Had I your Heart to cheer me on my way, I might with such a Cordial pursue my Course: But that Support you want the power to give me.

Leo. Who tells you so?

Don Ped. My Eyes and Ears, and all the Pains I

Leo. When Eyes and Ears are much indulg'd,
Favorite Servants they are apt to abuse the too
Trust their Master places in 'em.

Don Ped. If I'm abus'd, assist me with some
Interpretation of all that present Trouble and Disq
which is not in my power to overlook, nor your
hide.

Leo. You might methinks have spar'd my Mode
and without forcing me to name your Absence,
laid my Trouble there.

Don Ped. No, no, my fair Deluder, that's a
too thin to cover, what's so hard to hide; my Pres
not my Absence is the Cause: your cold Recep
at my first approach, prepar'd me for the Stroke
'twas not long before your Mouth confirm'd
Doom: *Don Guzman*, I am yours.

Leo. Is't then possible the Mouth shou'd utter
Name for another?

Don Ped. Not at all, when it follows the Dis
of the Heart.

Leo. Were it even so, what wrong is from
Heart receiv'd, where Duty and where Virtue are
Rulers?

Don Ped. Where they preside, our Honour ma
safe, yet our Minds be on the Rack.

Leo. This Discourse will scarce produce a Rem
we'll end it therefore if you please, and leave the re
time. Besides, the Occasion of your Journey presses

Don Ped. The Occasion of my Delay presses
I fear, much more; you count the tedious Minu
am with you, and are reduc'd to mind me of
Duty, to free your self from my sight.

Leo. You urge this thing too far, and do me wr
The Sentiments I have for you are much more
vourable than your Jealousy suffers 'em to app
But if my Heart has seem'd to lean another way,
fore you had a Title to it, you ought not to
clude I shall suffer it to do so long.

Don Ped. I know you have Virtue, Gratitude
Truth; and therefore 'tis, I love you to my R

I believe you false, Contempt would soon release
 me from my Chains, which yet I can't but with to
 bear for ever; therefore indulge at least your Pity to
 your Slave, 'tis the soft Path in which we tread to
 love. I leave behind a tortur'd Heart to move you:
 Weigh well its Pains, think on its Passion too,
 Remember all its Torments spring from you;
 And if you cannot love, at least be true.

[Exit Don Pedro.]

Jac. Now by my troth, Madam, I'm ready to cry.
 a pretty Fellow, and deserves better Luck.

Leo. I own he does: And his Behaviour wou'd en-
 gage any thing that were unengag'd. But, alas! I want
 Pity more than he does mine.

Jac. You do! Now I'm of another mind. The mo-
 ment he sees your Picture, he's in love with you; the
 moment he's in love with you, he imbars; and, like
 returning, in a moment more he's here: where you
 pleas'd to receive him with a Don Guzman, I am
 Ah ——— poor Man!

Leo. I own, *Jacinta*, he's unfortunate, but still I say
 Fate is harder yet. The irresistible Passion I have
Guzman, renders Don *Pedro*, with all his Merit, o-
 ver to me; yet I must in his favour make eternal War,
 against the Strength of Inclination and the Man I love.

Jac. [aside.] Um ——— If I were in her case, I
 wou'd find an Expedient for all this Matter. But she
 has such a bustle with her Virtue, I dare not pro-
 pose it to her.

Leo. Besides, Don *Pedro* possesses what he loves, but I
 never think on poor Don *Guzman* more. [Weeping.]

Jac. Poor Don *Guzman* indeed! We han't said a
 word of the pickle he's in yet. Hark! somebody
 knocks ——— at the old Rendezvous. It's he, on
 Conscience.

Leo. Let's be gone; I must think of him no more.

Jac. Yes, let's be gone; but let's know whether
 he or not first.

Leo. No, *Jacinta*; I must not speak with him any
 more. [Sighing.] I'm married to another.

Jac.

Jac. Married to another! well, married to another why, if one were married to twenty others, one might give a civil Gentleman an Answer.

Leo. Alas! what wouldst thou have me say to him?

Jac. Say to him! Why, one may find twenty things to say to a Man: Say, that 'tis true you are married to another, and that — 'twould be a Sin to think of any body but your Husband, and that — you are a timorous Nature, and afraid of being damn'd? and that a — You would not have him die neither; That a — Folks are mortal, and things sometimes come strangely about, and a Widow's a Widow, and —

Leo. Peace, Levity. [*Sighing.*] But see who 'tis knocking.

Jac. Who's there?

Isa. [*Behind the Scenes.*] 'Tis I, *Isabella*.

Leo. *Isabella*! What do you want, my Dear?

Isa. Your Succour, for Heaven's sake, *Leonard*. My Brother will destroy himself.

Leo. Alas! it is not in my power to save him.

Isa. Permit him but to speak to you, that possibly may do.

Leo. Why have not I the force to refuse him?

Don Guz. [*Behind the Scenes.*] Is it you, I hear, poor lost Mistress? Am I so happy once more to see you, where I so often have been blest!

Jac. Courage, Madam, say a little something to him.

Don Guz. Not one kind word to a distracted Lover. No Pity for a Wretch you have made so miserable.

Leo. The only way to end that Misery, is to follow what we ever thought of Happiness.

Don Guz. And is that in your power? Ah, *Leonard*, you ne'er lov'd like me.

Leo. How I have lov'd, to Heaven I appeal! Heaven does now permit that Love no more.

Don Guz. Why does it then permit us Life and Thought? Are we deceiv'd in its Omnipotence, it reduc'd to find its Pleasures in its Creatures? Pardon me.

Leo. In what, or where, the Joys of Heaven consist, lies deeper than a Woman's Line can fathom; but we know, a Wife must in her Husband seek for

and therefore I must think of you no more. Farewel.

[Exit Leo.]

Don GONZ. Yet hear me, cruel Leonora.

Jac. It must be another time then, for she's whipt now. All the Comfort I can give you is, that I she durst not trust her self any longer in your Company. But hush, I hear a Noise, get you gone, we shall be catch'd.

Leo. [Within.] Jacinta!

Jac. I come, I come, Madam.

[Exit Jac.]

Enter Lopez.

Lop. If I mistake not, there are a Brace of Lovers intend to take some pains about Madam, in her Husband's absence. Poor Don Pedro! Well; methinks a Man's a very merry mood that marries a handsome Wife: When I dispose of my Person, it shall be to an ugly one. They take it so kindly, and are so full of Acknowledgment; watch you, wait upon you; nurse you, humour you, are so fond, and so chaste. Or if the Husky Presumption enough to think of being otherwise, away with her into the Mountains fifty Leagues off; nobody opposes. If she's mutinous, give her Discipline; everybody approves on't. Hang her, says one, he's sadder than she deserves; Damn her, says another, why does not he starve her? But if she's handsome, Ah the wretch, cries one; Ah the Turk, criest' other: Why don't he cuckold him, says this Fellow? Why does not she poison him, says that? and away comes a Pacquet of pills to advise her to't. Ah poor Don Pedro! But enough: 'Tis now Night, all's hush and still: every body's a-bed, and what am I to do? Why, as other trusty Domesticks, sit up to let the Thief in. But I suppose he won't be here yet; with the help of a small nap beforehand, I shall be in a better Condition to perform the duty of a Centinel when I go to my Post. This Corner will just fit me: Come Lopez, lie thee down, short Prayers, and to sleep. [He lies down.]

Enter Jacinta, with a Candle in her Hand.

Jac. So, I have put my poor Lady to bed with nothing but Sobs, Tears, Sighs, Wishes, and a Pillow to mumble, instead.

instead of a Bridegroom, poor Heart. I pity her; every Body has their Afflictions, and by the Beads my Grandmother, I have mine.

Tell me, kind Gentlemen, if I have not something to excite you? Methinks I have a roguish Eye, I'm sure I have a mettled Heart. I'm soft and warm, and sound, may it please ye.

Whence comes it then, this Rascal *Lopez*, who has been two Hours in the Family, has not yet thought it worth his while to make one Motion towards me. Not that the Blockhead's Charms have mov'd me, but I'm angry mine hasn't been able to move him. I doubt I must begin with the Lubber; my Reputation's stake upon't, and I must rouse the Drone somehow.

Lopez, rubbing his Eyes, and coming on.

Lop. What a damn'd Condition is that of a Valet! No sooner do I, in comfortable Slumber, close my Eyes, but methinks my Master's upon me, with five Slaps o'th' Back, for making him wait in the Street. I have his Orders to let him in here to-night, and so I had e'en — Who's that? — *Jacinta!* — Yes. — a Catterwauling! — like enough.

Jac. The Fellow's there; I had best not lose this Occasion. [*Aside*]

Lop. The Slut's handsome, I begin to kindle: But if my Master shou'd be at the Door — Why then let him be, till the Matter's over? [*Aside*]

Jac. Shall I advance? [*Aside*]

Lop. Shall I venture? [*Aside*]

Jac. How severe a Look he has. [*Aside*]

Lop. She seems very reserv'd. [*Aside*]

Jac. If he shou'd put the Negative upon me. [*Aside*]

Lop. She seems a Woman of great Discretion; I tremble. [*Aside*]

Jac. Hang it, I must venture. [*Aside*]

Lop. Faint Heart never won fair Lady. [*Aside*]

Jac. *Lopez?*

Lop. *Jacinta!*

Jac. O dear heart! Is't you?

Lop. Charming *Jacinta*, fear me not.

Jac. O ho! he begins to talk soft — then let us
take upon us again. [*Aside.*

Lop. Cruel *Jacinta*, whose Mouth (small as it is)
has made but one Morfel of my Heart.

Jac. It's well he prevents me. I was going to leap
about the Rascal's Neck. [*Aside.*

Lop. Barbare *Jacinta*, cast your Eyes
On your poor *Lopez*, ere he dies.

Jac. Poetry too! Nay then I have done his Busi-
ness. [*Aside.*

Lop. Feel how I burn with hot Desire,

Oh! pity me, and quench my Fire;

Deaf, my fair Tyrant, deaf to my Woes,

Nay then, Barbarian, in it goes. [*drawing a Knife.*

Jac. Why how now, Jack-Sauce? why how now,
Presumption? What Encouragement have I given you,
Jack-a-lent, to attack me with your Tenders? I could
ear your Eyes out, Sirrah, for thinking I am such a
one. What Indecency have you seen in my Behaviour,
Impudence, that you shou'd think me for your beastly
Lion, you Goat you?

Lop. Patience, my much offended Goddess, 'tis ho-
nourably I wou'd share your Bed.

Jac. Peace, I say — Mr. *Liquorish*. I, for whom
the most successful Cavaliers imploy their Sighs in vain,
shall I look down upon a crawling Worm? Pha —

that crop Ear there, that Vermin, that wants to
sit at a Table would set his Master's mouth a watering.

Lop. May I presume to make an humble Meal upon
that savoury Remnants he may leave?

Jac. No.

Lop. 'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!

Jac. Leave me.

Lop. 'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful!

Jac. Be gone, I say.

Thus Ladies 'tis, perhaps sometimes with you;
With Scorn you fly the thing which you pursue.

[*Exit Jac.*

Lop. [*Solus.*] 'Tis very well, Mrs. Flipflap, 'tis very
well; but do you hear — Tawdery, you are not so al-
luring

luring as you think you are — Comb-brush, nor I much in love — your Maidenhead may chance grow mouldy with your Airs — the Pox be your fellow, there's that for you. Come, let's think none on't, Sailors must meet with Storms; my Master's going to Sea too. He may chance to fare no better with the Lady, than I have done with her *Abigail*: There may foul Weather there too. I reckon at present he may lying by under a Mizen at the Street-Door, I think rains too for his Comfort. What if I shou'd leave him there an hour or two in fresco, and try to work off my Amour that way? No; People will be physick their own way. But perhaps I might save his Life by't, — yes, and have my Bones broke for being officious; therefore if you are at the Door, Don *John* walk in, and take your Fortune. [*Opens the Door*]

Enter Don John.

Don John. Hift! hift!

Lop. Hift! hift!

Don John. *Lopez!*

Lop. [*Aside.*] The Devil ——— Tread softly.

Don John. Are they all asleep?

Lop. Dead.

Don John. Enough, shut the Door.

Lop. 'Tis done.

Don John. Now be gone.

Lopez. What! Shut the Door first, and then be gone? Now, methinks, I might as well have gone first, and then shut the Door.

Don John. I bid you be gone, you Dog you, do you find the way.

Lop. [*Aside.*] Stark mad, and always so when a Woman's in chase. But, Sir, will you keep your chief Minister out of the Secrets of your State? Pray let me know what this Night's Work is to be.

Don John. No Questions, but march.

[*Lop. goes to the Door, and returns*]

Lop. Very well ———

But, Sir, shall I stay for you in the Street?

Don John. No, nor stir out of the House.

Lop. So: Well, Sir, I'll do just as you have order'd
I'll be gone, and I'll stay; and I'll march, and I
won't stir, and ——— just as you say, Sir.

Don John. I see you are afraid, you Rascal you.

Lop. Passably.

Don John. Well, be it so; but you shan't leave the
house, Sir; therefore be gone to your Hog-sye, and
wait further Orders.

Lop. [*Aside.*] But first I'll know how you intend to
dispose of yourself. [*Lop. hides behind the Door.*]

Don John solus.

Don John. All's hush and still; and I am at the
point of being a happy ——— Villain. That Thought
comes uninvited — Then like an uninvited Guest let
me be treated: Be gone, Intruder. *Leonora's* Charms
in Vice to Virtue, Treason into Truth; Nature, who
made her the supreme Object of our Desires, must
needs have design'd her the Regulator of our Morals.
Whatever points at her, is pointed right. We are all
due, Mankind's the Dower which Heaven has set-
tled on her; and he's the Villain that wou'd rob her of
Tribute. I therefore, as in Duty bound, will in-
deed pay her mine.

Lop. [*Aside.*] There he goes, i'faith; he seem'd as if he
had a Qualm just now; but he never goes without a Dram
Conscience Water about him, to set Matters right a-

Don John. [*Aside*] This is her Door, 'tis lock'd;
I have a Smith about me will make her Staple fly.

[*Pulls out some Irons, and forces the Lock.*]

Lop. [*Aside.*] Hark! hark! if he is not equipt for a
housebreaker too. Very well, he has provided two
strings to his Bow; if he 'scapes the Rape, he may be
guilt'd upon the Burglary.

Don John. [*Aside.*] There'tis done, So: No Watch-
dog burning. [*Peeping into her Chamber.*] All in dark-
ness so much the better, 'twill save a great deal of
light on both sides. Methinks I feel my self mighty
weak, I tremble too; that's not proper at this time.
Firm, my Courage, I have Business for thee ———

So

So — How am I now? — pretty well. Then your leave, Don Pedro, I must supply your Negligence. You should not have married till you were ready for Consummation; a Maidenhead ought no more to rest upon a handsome Bride, than an Impeachment upon an innocent Minister.

[Don John enters the Chamber.]

Lop. [Coming forwards.] Well done, well done God-a-mercy, my little Judas. Unfortunate Don Pedro, thou hast left thy Purse in the hands of a Robber; while thou art galloping to pay the last Duty to thy Father, he's at least upon the Trot to pay the first to thy Wife. Ah the Traitor! What a Capitulation of Dishonour will there be cook'd up for him. But fear not. Let's lay our Ear to the Door, and pick up some of his secretaries — I hear no Noise — There's no Light. We shall have him blunder where he shou'd not do so, and by. — Commit a Rape upon her Tea-Table, break all her China, and then she'll be sure to tell him. But hark — now I hear — nothing; she does not say a word; she sleeps curiously. — How if she shou'd take it all for a Dream now? Or her Vertue shou'd be fallen into an Apoplexy? Where the Devil will all this end?

Leo. [Within.] Jacinta! Beatrix! Fernandes! Murder! Murder! help! help! help!

Lop. Now the Play begins, it opens finely.

Leo. [Within] Father! Alphonso! Save me! O me!

Lop. Comedy or Tragedy for a Ducate? for fear of the latter, decamp Lopez. [Exit Lopez.]

SCENE changes to Leonora's Bed-Chamber.
discovers Leonora in a Gown, holding Don Pedro by the Sleeve.

Leo. Whoever you are, Villain, you shan't escape me, and tho' your Efforts have been in vain, you shan't

receive the Recompence of your Attempt: Help, ho,
help there! help!

[Don John breaks from her, but can't find the Door.

Don John. [Aside.] 'Sdeath, I shall be undone! where
is this damn'd Door?

Leo. He'll get away: a Light there, quickly.

Enter Don Guzman with his Sword drawn.

Don Guz. Where are you, fair Angel? I come to
save my Life in your Defence.

Don John. [Aside.] That's Guzman's Voice? the
Devil has sent him: But we are still in the dark; I
have one Tour yet, Impudence be my Aid. Lights
here, ho! Where is the Villain that durst attempt the
murder of Leonora?

Don Guz. His Life shall make her Satisfaction.

Don John. Or mine shall fall in his Pursuit.

Don Guz. 'Tis by my hands that she shall see him die.

Don John. My Sword shall lay him bleeding at her
feet.

Leo. [Aside.] What can this mean? But here's Lights
at last, thank the just bounteous Heaven.

Don John. Enter with the Light there; but secure
the Door, lest the Traitor 'scape my Vengeance.

Enter Don Pedro with a Light, he finds Leonora
between them; both their Swords drawn.

Leo. O Heavens! what is't I see?

Don John. Don Pedro here?

Don Ped. What monstrous Scene is this? [Aside.

Don Guz. What Accident has brought him here?

[Aside.

Don John. Now I'm intrigu'd indeed. [Aside.

[Don Pedro steps back and shuts the Door.

Don Ped. [Aside.] This Mystery must unfold before

part. What Torments has my Fate provided me?

this the Comfort I'm to reap, to dry my Tears for

poor Father's Death? [To Leo.] Ah Leonora!

Leo. [Aside.] Alas! where will this end!

[Falling into a Chair.

Don Ped. [Aside.] Naked: and thus attended at the

end of Night, my Soul is froze at what I see. Confu-

sion

tion sits in all their Faces, and in large Characters read the Ruin of my Honour and my Love.

[To the Men] Speak, Statues, if you yet have power to speak, why at this time of Night you are found with Leonora! ——— None speak! ——— Don John, it is from you I ought to know.

Don John. My Silence may inform you.

Don Ped. Your Silence does inform me of my Shame but I must have some Information more; explain the whole.

Don John. I shall. You remember, Don Pedro

Don Ped. Be quick.

Don John. You remember you charged me before you went ———

Don Ped. I remember well, go on.

Don John. With the Care of your Honour.

Don Ped. I did; dispatch.

Don John. Very well; you see Don Guzman in this Apartment, you see your Wife naked, and you see me, my Sword in my hand; that's all.

Don Ped. [Drawing upon Don Guz.] 'Tis here the place to revenge my Wrongs.

Don Guz. Hold.

Don Ped. Villain, defend thy self.

Leo. O Heaven!

Don Guz. Yet hear me.

Don Ped. What can'st thou say?

Don Guz. The Truth, as holy Heaven it self tells the Truth. I heard the Shrieks and Cries of Leonora; when the Occasion was I knew not, but she repeated them with so much Vehemence, I found, whatever her Distress might be, her Succour must be sudden; so I leapt the Wall that parts our Houses, and flew to her Assistance. Don John can, if he please, inform you more.

Don Ped. [Aside.] Mankind's a Villain, and this may be true; yet 'tis too monstrous for a quick Conception. I shou'd be cautious how I wrong Don John. Sure it's not right to balance. I yet have but their Words against their Words; I know Don John for my Friend,

Guzman

Guzman for my Rival. What can be clearer? Yet
 I'd: If *Leonora*'s innocent, she may untangle all.

Madam, I shou'd be glad to know (if I have so much
 interest left) which way your Evidence will point my
 word?

Leo. My Lord, I'm in the same perplexity with you:
 all I can say is this; one of them came to force me,
 either to save me: but the Night confounding the Villa-
 ge of the Guilty with the Generosity of the Innocent,
 I am ignorant to which I owe my Gratitude or
 my Resentment.

Don Guz. But, Madam, did you not hear me cry I
 came to help you?

Leo. I own it.

Don John. And did you not hear me threaten to de-
 stroy the Author of your Fears?

Leo. I can't deny it.

Don Guz. What can there be more to clear me?

Don John. Or me?

Don Ped. Yet one's a Villain still.

[*side.*] My Confusion but increases: yet why confus'd?
 'tis, it must be *Guzman*. But how came *Don John*
 here? Right. *Guzman* has said how he came to her
 bed, but *Alvarada* cou'd not enter but by Treason.
 then perish ———

Don Guz. Who?

Don John. Who?

Don Ped. Just Gods! instruct me who.

Don Felix knocks.

Don Fel. [*Within.*] Let me in, open the Door.

Leo. 'Tis my Father.

Don Ped. No matter, keep the Door fast.

[*side.*] I'll have this matter go no further, till I can
 reach the depth on'r. *Don Guzman*, leave the House;
 I must suspend my Vengeance for a time.

Don Guz. I obey you; but I'll lose my Life, or shew
 my Innocence.

[*Exit Don Guz.*]

Don Fel. [*Within.*] Open the Door, why am I kept
 out?

Don

Don Ped. Don John, follow me by this back
And you, *Leonora*, retire. [Exit *Leonora*]

Don John. [Aside, following Don Ped.] If Don
man's Throat were cut, wou'd not this Bustle
— Yes — Why then if his Throat be not
m a this Bustle end me.



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Don Guzman's House*

Enter Don Guzman, and Galindo.

Don Guz. [Musing.] G Galindo!
Gal. Sir.

Don Guz. Try if you can see *Jacinta*, let her
vately know I wou'd fain speak with her.

Gal. It shall be done, Sir.

[Exit

Don Guzman solus.

Sure Villany and Impudence were never on
stretch before! This Traitor has wreckt them till t
crack. To what a Plunge the Villain's Tour has brou
me. *Pedro's* Resentment must at last be pointed he
But that's a Trifle, had he not ruin'd me with *Leon*
I easily had pass'd him by the rest. — What's to
done? Which way shall I convince her of my In
cence? The Blood of him, who has dar'd declare
guilty, may satisfy my Vengeance, but not aid
Love. No, I'm lost with her for ever —

Enter *Jacinta*.

Speak; is't not so, *Jacinta*? Am I not ruin'd w
the virtuous *Leonora*?

Jac. One of you, I suppose, is.

Don Guz. Which dost thou think?

Jac. Why he that came to spoil all, who sho
it be?

Guz. Pr'ythee be serious with me if thou can'st in the small Moment, and advise me which way I shall go to convince her of my Innocence, That it was I who came to do her Service?

in. Why you both came to do her Service, did not

Guz. Still trifling?

in. No by my Troth, not I.

Guz. Then turn thy Thoughts to ease me in my Content, and be my faithful Witness to her, That Heaven and Hell and all their Wrath I imprecate, if ever I knew one fleeting Thought, that durst propose so impious an Attempt. No, *Jacinta*, I love her but love with that humility, whatever Misery I may Torture ne'er shall urge me on to seize, more than her Bounty gives me leave to take.

in. And the Murrain take such a Lover, and his Company both, say I. Why sure, Sir, you are not in this Story, are you?

Guz. Why dost thou question it?

in. Because I really and seriously thought you in-

Guz. Innocent! What dost thou mean?

in. Mean! Why what shou'd I mean? I mean I concluded you lov'd my Lady to that degree, you would not live without her: And that the thought of her being given up to another, made your Passion flame out like Mount *Etna*: That upon this your love got the better in his Teeth, and ran away with you into her Chamber, where that impertinent Spy upon her and Don *John*, follow'd, and prevented farther proofs of your Affection.

Guz. Why sure——

in. Why sure, thus I thought it was, and thus I think it is. If you have a mind in the depth of your Discretion to convince her of your Innocence—your Innocence be your Reward. I'm sure were I in your place, you shou'd never have any other from me.

Guz. Was there then no Merit, in flying to her rescue when I heard her Cries.

Jacinta

Jacin. As much as the Constable and the might have pretended to, something to drink.

Don Guz. This is all Rallery, 'tis impossible to be pleas'd with such an Attempt.

Jacin. 'Tis impossible she can be pleas'd with reduc'd to make the Attempt upon you.

Don Guz. But was this a proper way to save her Blood?

Jacin. 'Twas in the dark, that's one way.

Don Guz. But it must look like downright Violence.

Jacin. If it did not feel like it, what did that figure? Come, Sir, Waggersy apart: You know I'm your servant, I have given you proofs on't. Therefore distrust me now if I tell you, this Quarrel may be up with the Wife, tho' perhaps not with the Husband. In short, she thinks you were first in her Chamber, has not the worse Opinion of you for it; she makes allowance for your Sufferings, and has still Love enough for you, not to be displeas'd with the utmost Proof she can give, that you have still a warm remain for her.

Don Guz. If this be true, and that she thought me, why did she cry out to expose me?

Jacin. Because at that time she did not think of you. Will that content you? And now she thinks 'twas you, your Business is to let her think so for in a word, I can see she's concern'd at the Damage she has brought you into, and I believe would be heartily glad to see you well out on't.

Don Guz. — 'Tis Impossible she can forgive me.

Jacin. Oons — Now Heaven forgive me, I had a great Oath upon the very tip of my Tongue you'd make one mad with your Impossible, and your Innocence, and your Humilities. 'Sdeath Sir, d'you think a Woman makes no distinction between the Assaults of a Man she likes and one she don't? My Lady hates *John*, and if she thought 'twas he had done this she'd hang him for't in her own Garters; she likes you, and if you shou'd do such another, you might still be in your Bed like a Bishop for her.

Don Guz. Well, I'll dispute no farther. I put myself into thy hands. What am I to do next?

Why, do as she bids you; be in the way at Rendezvous, she'll take the first Occasion she speak to you; and when you meet, do as I bid and instead of your Innocent and Humble, be and Resolute. Your Mistress is now marry'd, consider that. She has chang'd her Situation, and you your Battery. Attack a Maid gently, a Wife, and be as rugged with a Widow as you can. Buy t'ye, Sir.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE, *Don Felix's House.*

Enter Don Pedro solus.

What distraction have I past this Night? Sure I never close my Eyes again. No Rack can equal feel. Wounded in both my Honour and my they have pierc'd me in two tender parts. I'd I take my just Revenge, it wou'd in some assuage my Smart: O guide me Heaven toordial-drop ——— Hold! A Glance of Light begins to ——— Yes ——— Right. When I brought Don *John* hither, was not Don much disturb'd? ——— He was; and why? ——— may be worth enquiring. But something more At my arrival in this City, was I not told two were warm in the pursuit of *Leonora*? One I ber well they nam'd; 'twas *Guzman*: The other, et a stranger to. I fear I shall not be so long— *Guarada*; O the Traitor! yet I may wrong him I have *Guzman's* own Confession that he past all to come to *Leonora* ——— O, but 'twas to her ce ——— And so it might, and he a Villain still. are Assistances of various sorts ——— What were ants? ——— That's dark ——— But whatsoey were, he came to her Assistance. Death be tion for his ready Service.

Enter Don Felix.

Fel. You avoid me, *Don Pedro*; 'tis not well. Not your Father, have you not reason to believe your Friend?

C

Don

Don Ped. I have.

Don Fel. Why do you not then treat me like
ther and a Friend? The Mystery you make to
last Night's disturbance, I take unkindly from
Come tell me your Grief, that if I can I may a
it.

Don Ped. Nothing but Vengeance can give me

Don Fel. If I desire to know your Wrongs,
assist you in revenging 'em.

Don Ped. Know then, that last Night in this
ment I found Don Guzman and Don John.

Don Fel. Guzman and Alvarada?

Don Ped. Yes; and Leonora almost naked be
them, crying out for Aid.

Don Fel. Were they both guilty?

Don Ped. One was come to force her, t'ot
rescue her.

Don Fel. Which was the Criminal?

Don Ped. Of that I yet am ignorant. They
each other.

Don Fel. Can't your Wife determine it?

Don Ped. The Darkness of the Night put it
her power.

Don Fel. But I perhaps may bring some Light
you. I have part in the Affront: And tho' my
too old and weak to serve you, my Counsel
useful to your Vengeance. Know then, that Don
man has a long time pursu'd my Daughter; and
resolutely refus'd his Suit: Which however has ne
dred him from searching all Occasions to see and
to her.

Don John, on his side —

Don Ped. Don John's my Friend, and I am
dent

Don Fel. That Confidence destroys you. He
Charge, and be your self his Judge. He too ha
a pressing Suitor to my Daughter.

Don Ped. Impossible.

Don Fel. To me my self, he has own'd his L
her.

The FALSE FRIEND.

51

Don Ped. Good Gods! Yet still this leaves the My-
where it was; this Charge is equal.

Don Fel. 'Tis true; but yonder's one (if you can
her speak) I have Reason to believe can tell us
Ho, *Jacinta*!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. Do you call me, Sir?

Don Fel. Yes; *Don Pedro* wou'd speak with you.

Don Pedro aside.] I'll leave you with her; press
both by Threats and Promises, and if you find your
in fault, old as I am, her Father too, I'll raise
Arm to plunge this Waggon in her Breast; and by
Fermety convince the World, my Honour's dearer
than my Child.

[*Exit Don Fel.*

Don Ped. [aside.] Heaven grant me power to stifle my
till 'tis time to let Vengeance fly.

Jacinta, come near: I have some Business with you.

Jacin. [aside.] His Business with me at this time can
good for nothing, I doubt.

Jacin. to Don Ped.] What Commands have you,
for me? for I'm not very well.

Don Ped. What's your disorder?

Jacin. A little sort of a something towards an Ague,
mk.

Don Ped. You don't seem so ill, but you may tell

Jacin. O, I can tell you nothing, Sir, I assure you.

Don Ped. You answer me before you hear my

tion. That looks as if you knew——

Jacin. I know that what you are a going to ask me,
secret I'm out at.

Don Ped. [offering her a Purse.] Then this shall let
into it.

Jacin. I know nothing of the matter.

Don Ped. Come, tell me all, and take thy Reward.

Jacin. I know nothing of the matter, I say.

Don Ped. [drawing his Sword.] Speak; or by all the
and Fire of Hell Eternal——

Jacin. O Lard, O Lard, O Lard!

Don Ped. Speak; or th'art dead.

Jacin. But if I do speak, shan't I be dead for that?

Don Ped. Speak, and thou art safe.

Jacin. Well——O Lard——I'm so frighted——But if I must speak then——O dear heart——me the Purse.

Don Ped. There.

Jacin. Why truly, between a Purse in one's hand and —— a Sword in one's Guts, I think there's little room left for debate.

Don Ped. Come, begin, I'm impatient.

Jacin. Begin! let me see; where shall I begin?
Don Guzman, I think.

Don Ped. What of him?

Jacin. Why he has been in love with my Lady six Years.

Don Ped. I know it; but how has she received him?

Jacin. Receiv'd him! Why——as young Men use to receive handsome Fellows; at first ill, afterwards better.

Don Ped. [*aside.*] Furies!
Did they ever meet?

Jacin. A little.

Don Ped. By Day or Night?

Jacin. Both.

Don Ped. Distraction! Where was their Rendezvous?

Jacin. Where they cou'd not do one another any good.

Don Ped. As how?

Jacin. As through a Hole in a Wall.

Don Ped. The Strumpet banters me: Be serious, or I shall spoil your Gaiety; I'm not disposed to Mirth.

Jacin. Why I am serious, if you like my Story better for't.

Don Ped. [*aside.*] How miserable a Wretch art thou!

Jacin. I tell you there's a Wall parts their two Houses, and in that Wall there's a Hole. How the

by the Hole, I cant tell ; mayhap by chance,
 hap by no chance ; but there 'tis, and there they
 to prattle.

Don Ped. And this is Truth ?

Jacin. I can't bate you a word on't, Sir.

Don Ped. When did they meet there last ?

Jacin. Yesterday ; I suppose 'twas only to bid one
 other adieu.

Don Ped. Ah *Jacinta*, thou has pierc'd my Soul.

Jacin. [*aside.*] And yet I han't told you half I cou'd
 you, my Don.

Don Ped. Where is the Place you speak of ?

Jacin. There 'tis, if you are curious.

Don Ped. When they wou'd speak with one another,
 it's the Call ?

Jacin. Tinkle, Tinkle.

Don Ped. A Bell ?

Jacin. It is.

Don Ped. Ring.

Jacin. What do you mean, Sir ?

Don Ped. [*hastily.*] Ring.

Jacin. 'Tis done.

Don Ped. [*aside.*] I'll make use of her to examine

he come ?

Jacin. Not yet.

Don Ped. Pull again.

Jacin. You must give him time, Sir : My Lady al-
 does so.

Don Ped. I hear something.

Jacin. 'Tis he.

Don Guz. [*within.*] Who's there ?

Don Ped. [*softly.*] Say you are *Leonora*.

[Dumb show of her unwillingness, and his threatening.]

Jacin. [*softly.*] 'Tis *Leonora*.

Don Guz. What are your Commands, Madam ? Is
 possible so unfortunate a Wretch as I can be capable
 serving you ?

Don Ped. *whispers Jacinta, who seems backward to*
ak.]

Facin. I come to ask you, how you cou'd so forget that infinite Regard you have profess'd, to make an Attempt so dangerous both to your self and me which, with all the Esteem and Love I have ever for you, you scarce cou'd hope I ever shou'd forgive.

Don Guz. Alas! my Hopes and Fears were vain too. My Counsel, was my Love and my Despair. They advis'd me wrong, of them complain, for they are you who made 'em my Directors.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] The Villain owns the Fault. It seems he thinks he has not much to fear, from his presentment. O Torture!

Enter Leonora.

Facin. [*Aside.*] So, She's here; that's as I expected. Now we are blown up.

Leo. [*aside, not seeing them.*] If I don't mistake, I have heard Don Guzman's Call. I can't refuse to answer. I forgive me, Gods, and let my Woman's Weakness plead for my Cause ——— How! My Husband here! then ———

Don Ped. You seem disorder'd, Madam; pray what may be the Cause?

Leo. [*confus'd.*] I don't know really; I'm not sure. I don't know that ———

Don Ped. You did not know that I was here, I guess.

Leo. Yes I did, and ——— came to speak with you.

Don Ped. I'm not at present in a talking Humour, but if your Tongue is set to Conversation, there's no harm behind the Wall will entertain you.

Don Guz. But is it possible, fair *Leonora*, that you can pardon my Attempt?

Don Ped. [*to Leo.*] You hear him, Madam; he dares own it to you.

Leo. [*aside*] *Facinta* winks; I guess what Scene they have been acting here. My Part is now to play.

[*To Don Ped.*] I see, Sir, he dares own it: Nor is this the first Lover has presum'd beyond the Countenance he ever has receiv'd. Pray draw near, and hear what he has more to say: It is my Interest you shou'd know the Depth of all has ever past between us.

[to Don Guz.] I fain wou'd know, Don Guz. whether in the whole Conduct of my Life, you known one step, that cou'd encourage you to hope you cou'd be yours, but on the terms of Honour you sought me?

Don Guz. Not one.

Why then shou'd you believe I cou'd forgive making that by force, which you already were content I valu'd more the keeping, than my Life?

Don Guz. Had my Love been as temperate as yours, with your Reason had perhaps debated. But not reason, but in Flames, I flew to *Leonora*.

If strong Temptation be allow'd a Plea, Vice, the worst of shapes, has much to urge: No, cou'd nothing have shaken me in Virtue, it must have been strength of it in you. Had you shone bright enough to puzzle me, I blindly might have mist the Path I meant to tread; But now you have clear'd my sight for ever.

Therefore from this moment more, you dare to let me know one Thought of Love, tho' in the humblest prayer, expect to be a Sacrifice to him you attempt to forsake. Farewel.

[*She retires from him.*]

Don Guz. O stay and hear me. I have wrong'd myself, I'm innocent; by all that's Sacred, Just and good, I'm innocent.

Don Ped. [*aside.*] What does he mean?

Don. Guz. I have own'd a Fact I am not guilty of; *Leonora* can inform you, she knows I never —

Facin. I know! The Man's mad; Pray be gone, my Lady will hear no more. I'll shut him out, Madam, shan't I?

[*She shuts the Hole.*]

Leo. I have no farther Business with him.

Enter Isabella hastily.

Isab. O Heavens, *Leonora*, where are you? Don Pedro, you can assist me better.

Leo. What's the matter?

Don Ped. What is it, Madam, I can serve you in?

Isab. In what the Peace of my whole Life consists, the Safety of my Brother; Don *Jahn's* Servant has this moment left me a Letter for him, which I have open'd,

knowing there is an Animosity of some time between them.

Don Ped. Well, Madam!

Ifab. O dear, it is a Challenge, and what to know not; if I shew it my Brother, he'll immediately fly to the place appointed: and if I don't, he'll be accus'd of Cowardice. One way I risque his Life, 'till I ruin his Honour.

Don Ped. What wou'd you have me do, Madam?

Ifab. I'll tell you, Sir: I only beg you'll go to the place where *Don John* expects him; tell him I have accepted his Letter, and make him promise you he'll be no more: By this generous Charity you may hinder Men (whose Picques are on a frivolous occasion) from murdering one another; and by this good Office, you repay the small Debt you owe my Brother, for the last Night to *Leonora's* Succour; and doubly pay the Obligation you have to me upon the same occasion.

Don Ped. What Obligation, Madam? I am ignorant; pray inform me.

Ifab. 'Twas I, Sir, that first heard *Leonora's* Cry, and rais'd my Brother to her Aid. Pray let me receive the same assistance from your Prudence, which you have had from my Care, and my Brother's Generosity. Pray lose no time. *Don John* is perhaps already on the spot, and not meeting my Brother, may send a second Message, which may be fatal.

Don Ped. Madam, be at rest; you shall be satisfied. I'll go this moment. I'll only ask you first whether you are sure you heard my Wife call out for Succour before your Brother past the Wall?

Ifab. I did; why do you ask that Question?

Don Ped. I have a reason, you may be sure.

[*Aside.*] Just Heaven I adore thee, the Truth at last shines clear, and by that Villain *Alvarada* I'm betray'd. But enough, I'll make use of this Occasion for my Vengeance. [To *Ifab.*] Where, Madam, is it, *Don John* is waiting?

Ifab. But here, in a small Field behind the Garden.

Don Ped. [*aside.*] His Blood shall do me Reason for Treachery.

Will you go there directly?

Don Ped. I will. Be satisfy'd.

[*Ex. Don Ped.*]

You weep, *Isabella*.

You see my trouble for a Brother, for whom I'd die, and a Lover for whom I wou'd live. They both are Authors of my Grief.

They both are Instruments of my Misfortune.



A C T V.

Enter Lopez.

H O, my good Signior Don *John*, you are mistaken in your Man; I am your humble Valet, true, and I am to obey you: but when you have got the Devil in your Body, and are upon your Rantipole ventures, you shall *Quixote* it by your self for *Lopez*. Under he is, waiting for poor *Guzman*, with a Sword six Fathom and a half, a Dagger for close Engagements, and (if I don't mistake) a Pocket Pistol for extraordinary Occasions. I think I am not in the wrong to be a little out of the way: These matters will end in a Court of Justice, or I'm wrong in my foresight: that being a place where I am pretty well known, not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis best, neither come in for Prisoner nor Evidence. But hold; yon comes another *Toledo*. Don *Guzman* I presume, I presume wrong, 'tis — who is't? Don *Pedro*, all the Powers. What the Pox does he here, or the Pox do I here? I'm sure as matters stand, I must fly him like a Creditor; but he sees me, 'tis late to slip him.

Enter Don Pedro.

Don Ped. How now, *Lopez*, where are you going?

Lop. I'm going, Sir, I — I'm going — if please I'm going about my Business.

Don Ped. From whence do you come?

Lop. Only, only Sir, from — taking the Air a little. I'm mightily muddled with a Whur — round about my Head for this day or two, I'm going home to let Blood, as fast as I can, Sir.

Don Ped. Hold, Sir, I'll let you Blood here.

This Rascal may have borne some part in this Adventure: He's a Coward, I'll try to frighten it of him.

[*Seizing him by the Collar, and drawing his niard.*]

You Traitor you, y'are dead.

Lop. Mercy, *Don Pedro*.

Don Ped. Are you not a Villian? [*Lop. Kneels*]

Lop. Yes if you please.

Don Ped. Is there so great a one upon Earth?

Lop. With respect to my Master? No.

Don Ped. Prepare then to die.

Lop. Give me but time, and I will. But noble *Pedro*, just *Don Pedro*, generous *Don Pedro*, what it I have done?

Don Ped. What if thou dar'st deny, I'll plunge Dagger deep into thy Throat, and drive the Falsh to thy Heart again. Therefore take heed, and on Life declare; didst thou not this last Night open doors to let *Don Guzman* in?

Lop. *Don Guzman*!

Don Ped. *Don Guzman*? Yes, *Don Guzman*, Tor, him.

Lop. Now may the Sky crush me, if I let in *Guzman*.

Don Ped. Who did you let in then? It wan't Master sure! if it was him, you did your Duty, I no more to say.

Lop. Why then if I let in any body else, I'm a of a Whore. [*R*]

Don Ped. Did he order you beforehand, or did do't upon his knocking?

Lop. Why he; I'll tell you, Sir, he—pray put up
Brilliant, it sparkles so in my Eyes, it almost
blinds me—thank you, Sir. [*Don Ped. puts it up.*]

Lop. Why, Sir, I'll tell you just how the matter was, but
I hope you won't consider me as a Party.

Don Ped. Go on, thou art safe.

Lop. Why then, Sir, when (for our Sins) you had
us, says my Master to me, *Lopez*, says he, go and
at old *Don Felix's* House, till *Don Pedro* returns,
I'll pass thee for his Servant, and think he has or-
dered thee to stay there. And then, says he, dost hear,
open me the Door by *Leonora's* Apartment to-night,
I have a little business, says he, to do there.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] Perfidious Wretch!

Lop. Indeed, I was at first a littly wresly, and stood
being suspicious (for I knew the Man) that there
might be some ill Intentions. But he knew me too,
he took me upon the weak side, whips out a long Sword,
and by the same Means makes me do the thing, as you
have made me discover it.—[*Aside.*] There's neither
Treasure nor Property in this Land, since the Blood of
the *Bourbons* came amongst us.

Don Ped. Then you let him in, as he bid you?

Lop. I did: If I had not, I had never liv'd to tell
the Story. Yes, I let him in.

Don Ped. And what follow'd?

Lop. Why he follow'd.

Don Ped. What?

Lop. His Inclinations.

Don Ped. Which way?

Lop. The old Way; To a Woman.

Don Ped. Confound him!

Lop. In short, he got to Madam's Chamber, and be-
cause he had been there long, (tho' you know, Sir, a
little time goes a great way in some matters) I heard
a clutter of small Shot, Murder, Murder, Murder,
Fire, Help, and so forth——But hold, here
comes himself, and can give you a more circum-
stantial account of the Skirmish.

Don *Ped.* I thank thee Heaven at last, for h
pointed me to the Victim I am to sacrifice. [Ex.

Enter Don *John.*

[*Drawing.*] Villain, defend thy self.

Don *John.* What do you mean?

Don *Ped.* To punish a Traitor.

Don *John.* Where is he?

Don *Ped.* In the Heart of a sworn Friend.

Don *John.* [*Aside.*] I saw *Lopez* go from
without doubt he has told him all. [To Don
Of what am I suspected?

Don *Ped.* Of betraying the greatest Trust that
cou'd place in Man.

Don *John.* And by whom am I accus'd?

Don *Ped.* By me: Have at thy Traitor's Heart.

Don *John.* Hold! And be not quite a Madman!

Pedro. You know me well: You know I am
backward upon these Occasions, nor shall I refuse
any Satisfaction you'll demand; but first, I wil
heard, and tell you, That for a Man of Sense, yo
pleas'd to make very odd Conclusions.

Don *Ped.* Why, what is't possible thou canst in
to clear thy self?

Don *John.* To clear my self! Of what? I'm t
thank'd for what I have done, and not reproach
find I have been an Ass, and push'd my Friend
to that Point, you find not Virtue in your self en
to conceive it in another. But henceforward, I
be a better Husband on't.

Don *Ped.* I shou'd be loth to find Ingratitude c
e'er be justly charg'd upon me: But after what
Servant has confess'd——

Don *John.* My Servant! right, my Servant!
very thing I guess'd. Fy, fy, Don *Pedro*; Is't f
a Servant's Mouth a Friend condemns a Friend? or
Servants always judge at what their Masters outw
Actions point? But some Allowances I shou'd m
for the wild Agitation you must needs be in. I'm th
fore calm, and thus far pass all by.

Don Ped. If you are innocent, Heaven be my Aid,
I may find you so. But still —

Don John. But still you wrong me, if you still sus-
pect. Hear then, in short, my part of this Adventure.
In order to acquit my self of the Charge you laid upon
me in your Absence, I went last Night, just as 'twas
dark, to view the several Approaches to the House
where you had left your Wife; and I observ'd not far
from one of the back Doors, two Persons in close ea-
sily Conference : I was disguis'd, so ventur'd to pass
near 'em, and by a word or two I heard, I found 'twas
Don Juan talking to *Facinta*. My Concern for your
honour, made me at first resolve to call him to an im-
mediate account. But then reflecting that I might pos-
sibly o'er-hear some part of their Discourse, and by that
means learn of *Leonora's* Thoughts, I rein'd my Passion in;
and by the help of an advancing Buttress, which kept
them from their sight, I learnt the black Conspiracy. Don
Juan said, he had great Complaint to make; and
that his honourable Love had been so ill return'd,
he could with ease forgive himself, if by some rougher
means he should procure, what Prayers and Tears and
Sighs had urg'd in vain.

Don Ped. Go on.

Don John. His kind Assistant clos'd smoothly with
him, and inform'd him with what ease that very Night
he'd introduce him to her Chamber. At last, they part-
ed, with this agreement, That at some Overture in a
Ball, he should expect her to inform him when *Leo-
nora* was in Bed, and all the Coast was clear.

Don Ped. Dispatch the rest — Is't possible after
this he should be innocent !

Don John. I must confess the Resolution taken, made
me tremble for you : How to prevent it now and for
ever, was my next care. I immediately order'd *Lopez*,
to go lie at Don *Felix's*, and to open me the door when
the Family were in Bed. He did as I directed him.
I enter'd, and in the dark found my way to *Leonora's*
apartment ; I found the Door open, at which I was
surpriz'd. I thought I heard some stirring in her Cham-
ber,

ber, and in an instant heard her cry for Aid. this I drew, and rush'd into the Room which *Guzman* alarm'd at, cry'd out to her assistance. His ready Impulse, I must confess, at first quite struck me speechless but in a moment I regain'd my Tongue, and loud proclaim'd the Traitor.

Don Ped. Is't possible!

Don John. Yet more : your Arrival hindring me that time from taking vengeance for your Wrong at this Instant expect him here, to punish him (with Heaven's righteous Aid) for daring to attempt my Revenge with the Man, whose Friendship I prefer to all the Blessings Heaven and Earth dispense.

And now, *Don Pedro*, I have told you this, if you have a mind to take my Life, I shall defend with the selfsame warmth, I intended to expose in your Service.

Don Ped. [*Aside.*] If I did not know he was in love with *Leonora*, I could be easily surpriz'd with what he has told me. But ——— But yet 'tis certain he has destroyed the Proofs against him; and if I only hold him guilty as a Lover, why must *Don Guzman* pass for innocent? Good Gods, I am again returning to my Doubts.

Don John. [*Aside.*] I have at last reduc'd him to Balance, but one Lye more toss'd in, will turn the Scale.

To Don Ped.] One Obligation more, my Friend, I owe me; I thought to have let it pass, but it shall not. Know then, I lov'd, like you, the beautiful *Leonora* but from the moment I observ'd how deep her Dart pierced you, I tore my Passion from my bleeding Heart and sacrific'd my Happiness to yours. Now, I have more to plead; if still you think your Vengeance is due, come pay it me.

Don Ped. Rather ten thousand Poniards strike me dead. O *Alvarada*! Can you forgive a wild distracted Friend? Gods! Whither was my jealous Frenzy lead me? Can you forget this barbarous Injury?

Don John. I can : No more. But for the future think me what I am, a faithful and a zealous Friend. Retire, and leave me here. In a few moments I hope

Aid. *Guzman* I instantly
leave me to do you Justice on him.

Don Ped. That must not be. My Revenge can
be satisfy'd by any other hand but this.

Don John. Then let that do't. You'll in a moment
have an opportunity.

Don Ped. You mistake, he won't be here.

Don John. How so?

Don Ped. He has not had your Challenge. His Sister
accepted it, and desir'd I wou'd come to prevent
the Quarrel.

Don John. What then is to be done?

Don Ped. I'll go and find him out immediately.

Don John. Very well: Or hold ——— [*Aside.*] I
will hinder 'em from talking, Gossiping may discover

Yes: Let's go and find him: Or let me see——
—— 'twill do better.

Don Ped. What?

Don John. Why—— That the Punishment should
be the Crime.

Don Ped. Explain.

Don John. Attack him by his own Laws of War——
was in the Night he would have had your Honour,
and in the Night you ought to have his Life.

Don Ped. His Treason cannot take the Guilt from
him.

Don John. There is no Guilt in fair Retaliation.

When 'tis a point of Honour founds the Quarrel, the
Laws of Sword-Men must be kept, 'tis true: But if a
Thief glides in to seize my Treasure, methinks I may
return the Favour on my Dagger's Point; as well as
with my Sword of Ceremony six times as long.

Don Ped. Yet still the nobler Method I wou'd choose;
better satisfies the Vengeance of a Man of Honour.

Don John. I own it, were you sure you shou'd suc-
ceed: But the Events of Combats are uncertain. Your
Enemy may 'scape you: You perhaps may only wound
him; you may be parted. Believe me, *Pedro*, the In-
jury's too great for a Punctilio Satisfaction.

Don

Don *Ped.* Well, guide me as you please, so you rest me quickly to my Vengeance. What do you propose?

Don *John.* That which is easy, as 'tis just to exceed The Wall he pass'd, to attempt your Wife, let us over to prevent his doing so any more. 'Twill lead into a private Apartment by his Garden, where every Evening in his amorous Solitudes he spends some time alone, and where I guess his late fair Scheme was drawn. The Deed done, we can retreat the way we entered, let me be your Pilot, 'tis now e'en dark, and the more proper time,

Don *Ped.* Lead on; I'll follow you.

Don *John* [*Aside.*] How many Villanies I'm forced to act, to keep one secret! [*Exit*]

SCENE, Don Guzman's Apartment.

Don Guzman, sitting, solus,

With what Rigour does this unfaithful Woman torment me? Is't possible it can be she, who appear'd to love with so much tenderness? How little stress is to be laid upon a Woman's Heart? Sure they're not worth the anxious Cares they give. [*Rising*] Then burst my Chains, and give me room to search for nobler Pleasures. I feel my Heart begin to mutiny for Liberty: there is a Spirit in it yet, will struggle hard for Freedom, but Solitude's the worst of Seconds. Ho, *Sancho, Galinda*, who waits there? Bring some Lights. Who are you?

Enter Galinda, rubbing his Eyes, and drunk.

Gal. I can't well tell. Do you want me, Sir?

Don Guz. Yes, Sir, I want you. Why am I left in the dark? what were you doing?

Gal. Doing, Sir! I was doing—— what one does when one sleeps, Sir.

Don Guz. Have you no Light without?

Gal. [*Yawning.*] Light! —— No, Sir, —— I have no Light. I am us'd to Hardship, I can sleep in the dark.

The FALSE FRIEND. 65

Don Guz. You have been drinking, you Rascal, you drunk.

Galin. I have been drinking, Sir 'tis true, but I am drunk. Every Man that is drunk, has been drunk- confess'd. But every Man that has been drunk- is not drunk. Confess that too.

Don Guz. Who is't has put you in this Condition, Sot?

Galin. A very honest Fellow: Madam *Leonora's* Coachman, no body else. I have been making a little Lebauch with Madam *Leonora's* Coachman; yes.

Don Guz. How came you to drink with him, Beast?

Galin. Only per Complaisance, Sir. The Coachman to be drunk upon Madam's Wedding; and I being friend, was desired to take part.

Don Guz. And so you Villain, you can make your self merry, with what renders me miserable.

Galin. No, Sir, no; 'twas the Coachman was merry. I drank with Tears in my Eyes. The remembrance of your Misfortunes, made me so sad, so sad, that a Cup I swallow'd, was like a Cup of Poison to

Don Guz. Without doubt.

Galin. Yes; and to mortify my self upon melancholy Matters, I believe I took down fifty. Yes.

Don Guz. Go fetch some Lights, you drunken Sot

Galin. I will. If I can find the { Feeling for the Door
that's to say ——— The { and running a-
it's in the Door; I think 'tis { gainst it.

too little for me ——— Shrunk this wet Weather,
[Ex. Galin.]

Don Guzman alone.

Absence, the old Remedy for Love, must e'en be
to stay and brave the Danger, were Presumption :
farewel *Valencia* then, and farewel *Leonora*. And if
can't, my Heart, redeem thy Liberty; secure it
Farewel eternal to her Sex.

Re-

*Re-enter Galindo, with a Candle, he falls, and
it out.*

Galín. Here's light, Sir — So.

Don Guz. Well done. You sottish Rascal, come no more in my fight, } *Passing angry to another Chamber.*

[Ex. Don.]

Galín. These Boards are so uneven — You shall see now I shall neither find the Candle — nor the Candlestick; } *Rising and about for Candle.* it shan't be for want of searching however.

—— O ho, have I got you? enough, I'll lose your Companion to morrow.

Enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Don Ped. Where are we now?

Don John. We are in the Apartment I told you

—— Softly —— I hear something stir — Ten to one but 'tis he.

Galín. Don't I hear somewhat? —— No — when one has Wine in one's Head, one has such a noise in one's Ears.

Don Pedro. *[to Don John.]* Who is that talking himself?

Don John. 'Tis his Servant, I know his Voice, still.

Galín. Well; since my Master has banish'd me from his fight, I'll redeem by my Obedience, what I have lost by my Debauch. I'll go sleep twelve Hours in some melancholy Hole where the Devil shan't find me. *[Ex.]*

Don John. He's gone; but hush, I hear some coming.

Don Guz. Ho there, will no body bring light? *[Behind the door]*

Don Ped. 'Tis Guzman.

Don John. 'Tis so, prepare.

Don Ped. Shall I own my Weakness, I feel a backward Check; I wish this could be done some other way.

John. Distraction all! is this a time to bask
Think on the Injury he would have done you,
Fortify your Arm, and guide your Dagger to his

Ped. Enough, I'll hesitate no more; be satis-
fied, he's coming.

Don Guzman passes the Stage.

Guz. I think these Rogues are resolved to leave
the dark all Night. [Ex. Don Guz.]

John. Now's your time, follow him, and strike

Ped. To his Heart, if my Dagger will reach it.

[Don Pedro follows him.]

John. [aside] If one be kill'd I'm satisfy'd;
no great matter which.

*Enter Don Guzman, Don Pedro following him,
with his Dagger ready to strike.*

Guz. [aside.] My Chamber-Door's lock'd, and I
hear somebody tread — Who's there? — No

answers. But still I hear something stir. Holo
Sancho, are you all drunk? some Lights here

[Exit.]

*Guzman passes by the Corner where Don John stands,
and goes off the Stage; Don Pedro following him, stabs*

John.

Ped. [aside.] I think I'm near him now: —

now, take that, my Wife has sent it thee.

John. Ah, I'm dead.

Ped. Then thou hast thy due.

John. I have indeed, 'tis I that have betray'd

Ped. And 'tis I that am reveng'd on thee for do-

John. I wou'd have forc'd thy Wife.

Ped. Die then with the Regret, to have fail'd
my Attempt.

John. Farewel, if thou can'st forgive me — [dies.]

Ped. I have done the deed, there's nothing left,
to make our Escape. Don John, where are you?
He's gone, I hear the Servants coming.

Lopez.

Lopez knocks hard at the Door.

Lop. Open there quickly, open the Door.

Don Ped. That's *Lopez*, we shall be discover'd. 'tis no great matter, the Crime will justify the Execution but where's *Don John*? *Don John*, where are you?

Lopez knocks again.

Lop. Open the Door there, quickly. Madam, I fa-
'em both pass the Wall, the Devil's in't if any good
comes on't.

Leo. I am frightned out of my Senses: ho, *Isabella*

Don Ped. 'Tis *Leonora*. She's welcome. With
own Eyes let her see her *Guzman* dead.

Enter Don Guzman, Leonora, Isabella, Jacinta and

Lopez, with Lights.

Don Ped. Ha, What is't I see? *Guzman* alive?
Then who art thou? [*Looking on Don John*]

Don Guz. *Guzman* alive! Yes, *Pedro*, *Guzman*
alive.

Don Ped. Then Heaven is just, and there's a Traitor
dead.

[*Isabella weeps.*] Alas, *Don John*.

Lop. [*looking upon Don John.*] *Bonus Noctius.*

Don Guz. What has produced this bloody Scene?

Don Ped. 'Tis I have been the Actor in't, my Pa-
niard, *Guzman*, I intended in your Heart: I thought
your Crime deserv'd it: but I did you wrong, and my
hand in searching the Innocent, has by Heaven's Justice
been directed to the Guilty. *Don John*, with his last
breath, confess'd himself the Offender. Thus my Re-
venge is satisfied, and you are clear'd.

Don Guz. Good Heaven, how equitable are thy Jud-
gments!

Don Ped. [*to Leo.*] Come, Madam, my Honour now
is satisfied, and if you please my Love may be so too.

Leo. If it is not,

*You to your self alone shall owe your Smart,
For where I've given my Hand, I'll give my Heart.*

F I N I S.

